

My lovely flowers.
They are slowly disappearing.
Great losses.

Crown Thistle Imperial
 WeepingBride MilkThistle
 WildEdibleHerbFir TreeYahyasViolet
 WildArumMullein OrchidMilkThistle
 CrownImperialWildEdible WeepingBrideFir
 YahyasVioletSalepOrchid WildArumMullein
 Yahya Violet MilkThistleCrownImperialWildHerb
 S SalepOrchid WeepingBrideFir TreeViolet
 SalepOrchid WildArum

Small flowers. Vanishing slowly. losses
 Big losses. Big losses

FirTree

FirTree

FirTree

FirTree

FirTree

THE

FirTree

ANHILATION

FirTree YahyasViolet green

The Annihilation of Love we are small flowers

OF LOVE

WildEdibleHerb

Mullein

Vanishing slowly.

Vanishing slowly.

Vanishing slowly.

BEND

SEE

CRUSH

FORGET

THE ANHILATION OF LOVE

Upside Down Tulip

At 1700 metres
we open up.

Our necks bent
is this a symbol
of defeat
or grief?

b

air

e

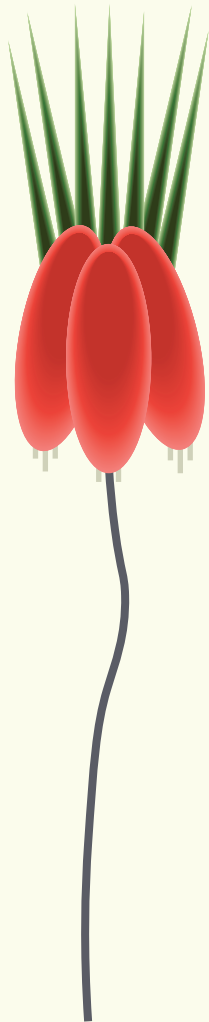
thinned

n

wind

d

the



*The earth is memory.
Legends roam our roots.*

*We are watered
with a bride's tears.*

*we cannot turn
towards the sun*

Our heads

are always

bowed.

*The body of Jesus Christ
surrendered to suffering
stretched upon the cross
in silent submission*

*The silence of Jesus Christ's body surrendered to pain stretched upon the cross
The silence of Jesus Christ's body surrendered to pain stretched upon the cross
The silence of Jesus Christ's body surrendered to pain stretched upon the cross
The silence of Jesus Christ's body surrendered to pain stretched upon the cross
The silence of Jesus Christ's body surrendered to pain stretched upon the cross*

*His crucifixion
witnessed
under the sky*

*Where the tears
flowing from the hands
of his mother Mary
fell*

*the earth turned red,
the silence grew heavy,
and there*

*the Upside-Down Tulip
began to grow*

As we open

up

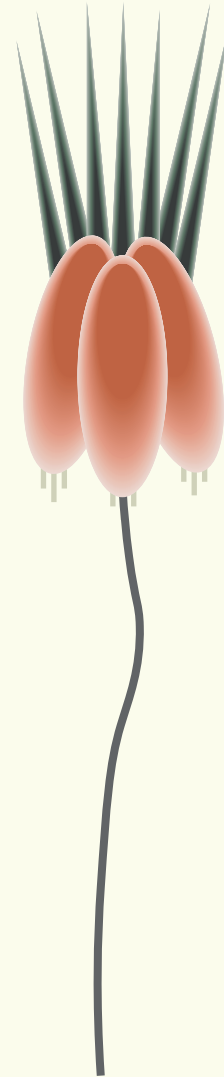
high above,

we hear

footsteps

coming

from below.



Sometimes
with admiration,

Sometimes
to be torn
away.

we are

in danger.

the real danger

it is

in being

forgot-

ten.

We have been here

for thousands of years.

We carried legends.

We became lamentations.

Now we ask:

*Are we the ones
who are sad ?*

or

*have you
forgotten ?*

*forgotten
the name*

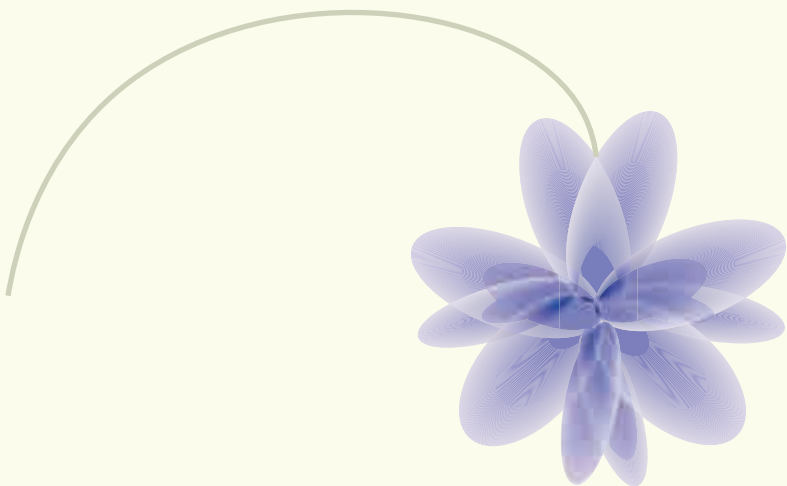
*that once
belonged
to us*

Yahya's Violet

**We
called her
Yahya's violet.**

**Because a name
only becomes a legend**

when it is lost.



We open purple.
We open it silently.

Close to the stone,
close to the ground.

If no one bends over,

*n o o n e
w i l l s e e
u s.*

*We took our name
from a person.*

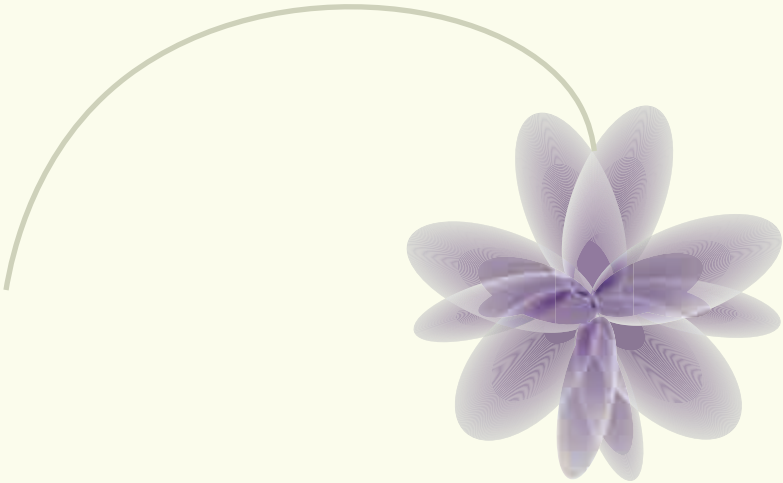
But that person

is about to forget

our name

We are small flowers.

We are



cr^u bed

*under
the
weight
of
a
name.*

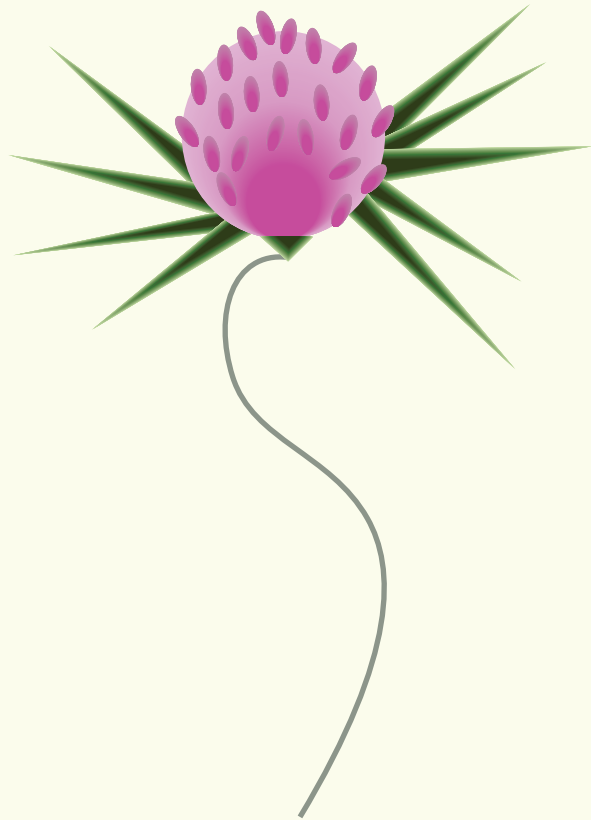
Thistle

Not grown for tenderness.

Born
in dry light,
in stone wind.

Thorns before
petals.

Silence
before
prayer.



*Beneath the thorns
a body once
rested.*

*Not to conquer.
Not to claim.*

*Only

to turn
away from the
sun*

*for a moment
to breathe.*

The branches did not
bend.

They endured

They endured
They endured

They endured.
They endured.
They endured.

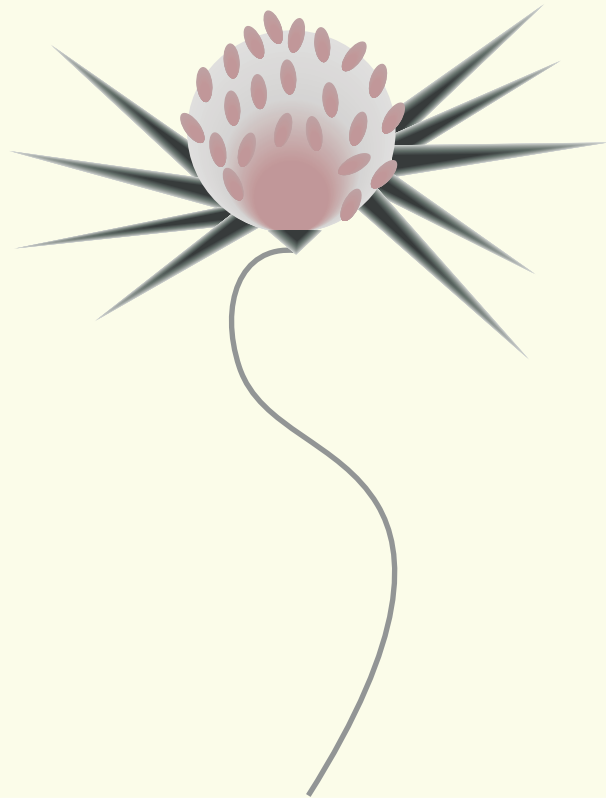
They endured.
They endured.
They endured.
They endured.
They endured.
They endured.
They endured.
They endured.
They endured.
They endured.
They endured.
They endured.
They endured.
They endured.
They endured.
They endured.
They endured.

Time pressed.

*Not everything survives
for a reason.*

*Some things survive
because they must.*

*Because there is no other shape
left to take.*



A drop fell.

White.

*Warmer than the dust,
brighter than the stone.*

*It touched the leaf
and did not disappear.*

A mark remained.

*Not a wound.
Not a miracle.*

A trace.

Held

against wind,

against forgetting.

thins.

wind

the

where

rise

I

Mullein

Long

before

this

plateau

had

a

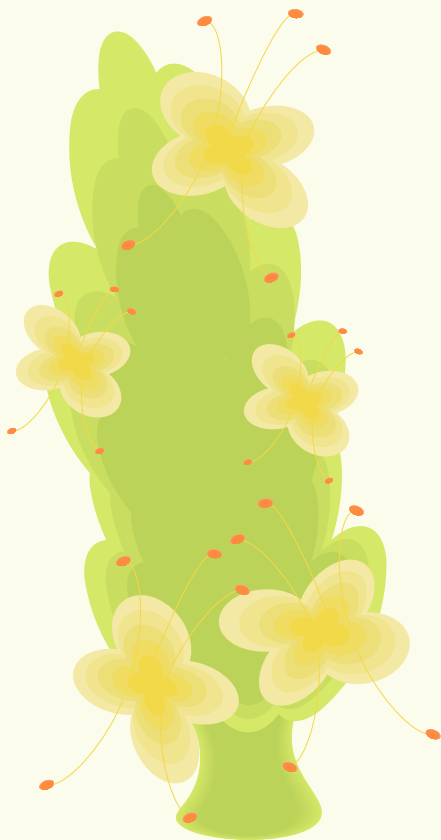
name,

people

already

knew

me.



I

stand

where

the

air

grows

thinner

flower

flower

flower

by

flower

flower

flower

I

open

yellow
against
the mountain
wind
light light
drifting
through air
slowly

me
lifted
from ground
held
upright
a thin body
turned to flame
the shepherd's
torch
not to burn
but to keep
away



not to burn the dark
but to keep it away.

Witches.

Shadows.

Restless spirits.

what moves
without a body

*My d r y b o d y
crackling in fire,*

*guarding
the threshold
of sleep.*

*In older lands,

in the hands of Rome,*

*I was not flame
but remedy.*

*Leaves
laid over wounds.*

*Dust
closing broken skin.*

Pain

passing

s

l

o

w

l

y

through

my

body.

Then one by one

I fade.

But the stem remains.

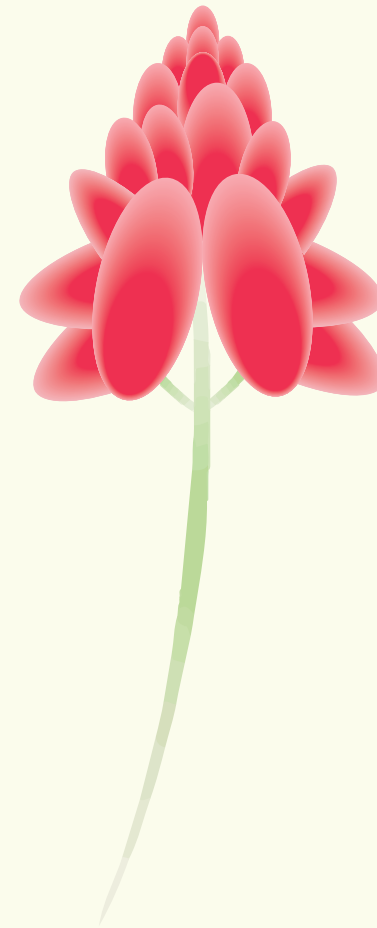
A tall memory

holding light

a little longer.

Salep Orchid

I heard them say
that I tell too many stories,
that I carry too much worth.



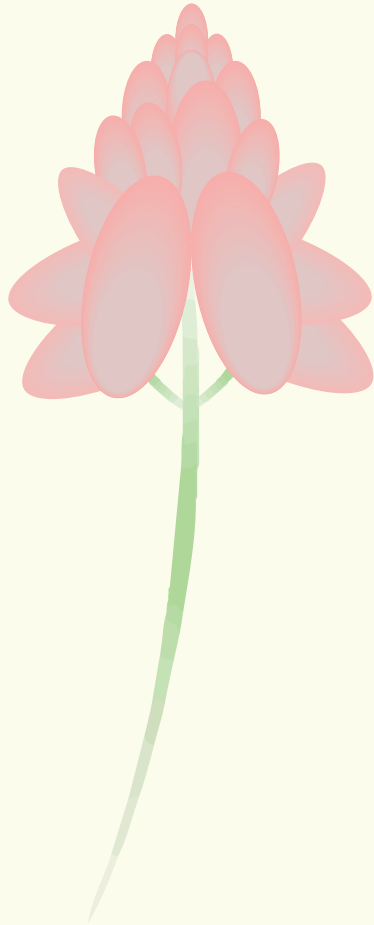
A voice

just above the ground,

value

c a r r i e d

through dry grass.



They spoke of value

before they spoke of soil.

They counted

what could be taken.

Measured

what could be

sold.

Hands did not ask

what remains

after lifting.

trade

They named it

I knew it

A body

reduced
to use.

Lifted

ground

consumed.

Not for seeing.

For having.

And in their keeping,

nothing

as loss.

was kept.